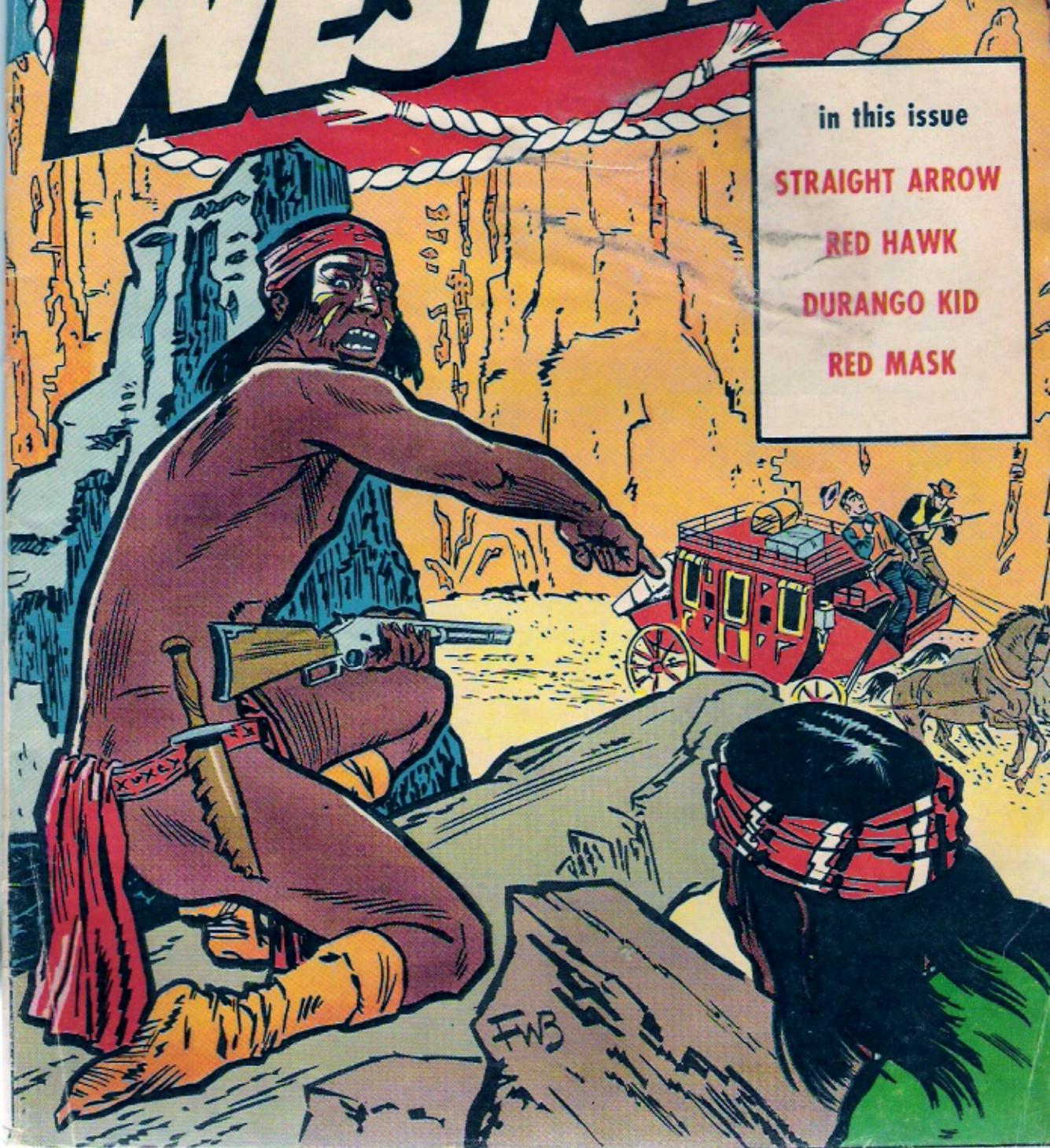


ME  
CITY PRESS

No. 9

anc  
10c

# GREAT WESTERN



in this issue

Straight Arrow  
Red Hawk  
Durango Kid  
Red Mask

# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



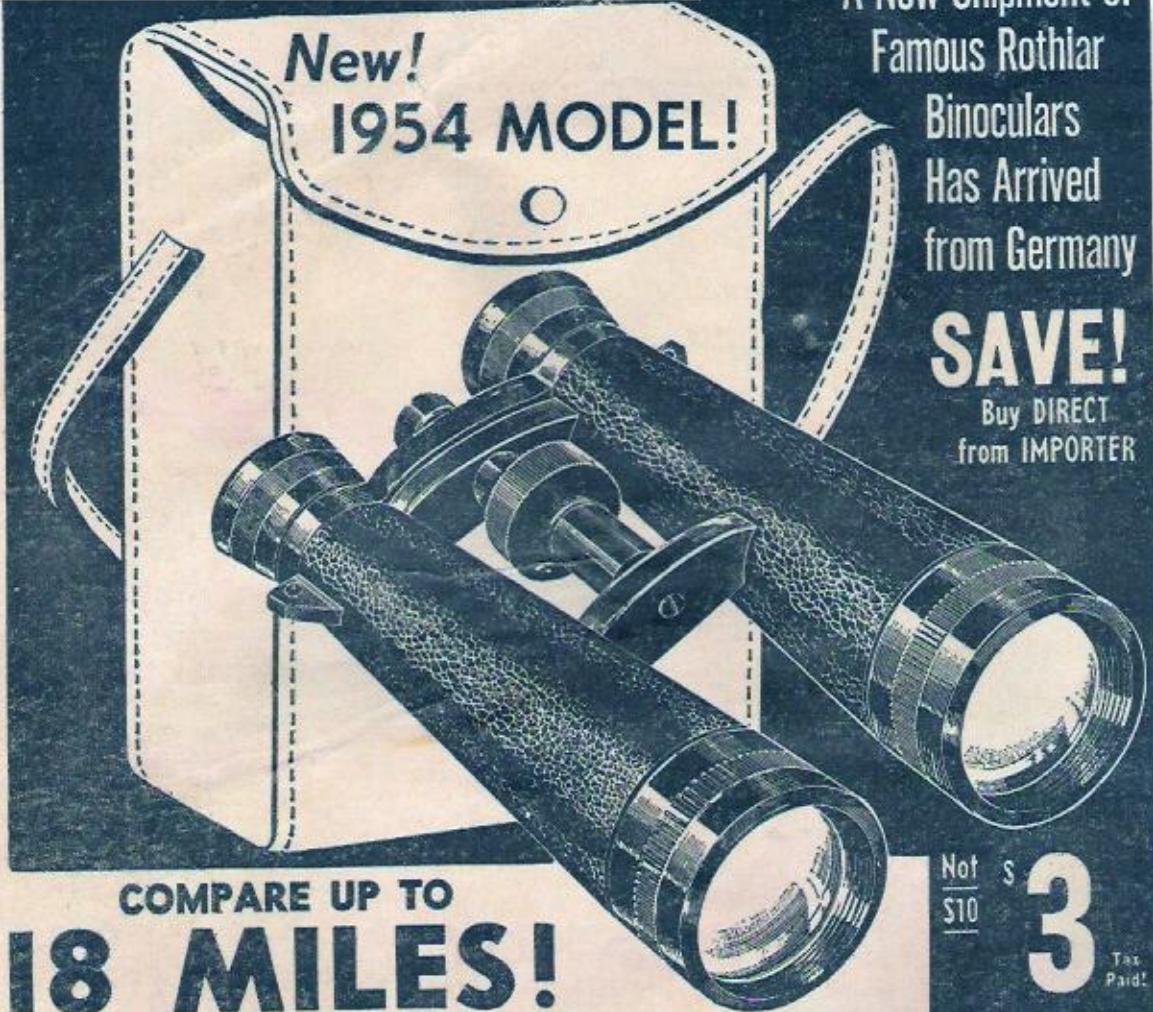
# NARFSTAR

New!  
1954 MODEL!

A New Shipment of  
Famous Rothiar  
Binoculars  
Has Arrived  
from Germany

**SAVE!**

Buy DIRECT  
from IMPORTER



## COMPARE UP TO **18 MILES!**

Here at last—the all NEW, improved Roth binoculars with the famous 3X, 40 Klaroptar lenses—now better than ever before! They're more refined, sharper, clearer, 3 ways better than the sensational 1953 model! When we announced the '53 model we were swamped with over 50,000 orders! We were sold out and forced to hold up thousands of orders. Unfortunately, we disappointed lots of nice folks! This time we're taking no chances! We're strictly limiting orders to ONE 1954 model per family and will sell NONE to dealers!

### Klaroptar Lenses Are Precision Made!

The secret of ROTHLAR'S great public acceptance is the precision made 3X, 40 lenses. Unlike other glasses, they are not moulded or stamped out on plastic presses. These new 1954 genuine Klaroptar lenses are ground out ONE BY ONE by proud German optical workers! This takes much more time and limits production. BUT WHAT A DIFFERENCE! This latest model gives you sharper, clearer, magic-like viewing. No annoying distortions! No chromatic fringe to cause eye-strain! ALL Klaroptar lenses are turned out under the supervision of WALTER ROTH in his small factory in Hartmannshof, Western Germany. He has the Old World family pride. Herr Roth simply won't let an inferior product bear his name. Naturally this means you get a really superior binocular if you are one of the lucky people to order this optical instrument!

### BIG SIZE! BIG POWER! BIG VALUE!

Don't confuse ROTH-KLAROPTAR BINOCULARS with cheap, crudely made Japanese binoculars selling from \$2 to \$4. This is NOT a toy! Quality made throughout. Smooth synchronized CENTER focusing construction is rugged—yet they're LIGHT—easy to carry in their weather-protected case! The lenses are made with the same care as in \$10 binoculars!! NOW—get a pair DIRECT FROM THE IMPORTER at the unbelievable low price of \$3.00—while they last!

### ENJOY ONE AT OUR RISK!

We'll send you the ALL-NEW 1954 ROTH BINOCULARS on 5-DAY TRIAL. Enjoy without any obligation whatsoever! Use for nature study, boxing matches, races, basketball, football. Carry along a pair when motoring, sailing, flying, hunting and fishing, too! Use it for celestial observation, watching children and neighbors' television, movies, seashore scenes, etc. COMPARE AT ANY DISTANCE FROM 18 FEET TO 18 MILES! You must be delighted or your \$3 comes back—no questions asked! Please rush your order today. This shipment won't last long! First come, first served! Orders received too late will be returned promptly.

**THORESEN'S, Dept. 80 A 134**  
352 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

THORESEN'S, Dept. 80-A-134

352 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

RUSH ONE 1954 ROTH-KLAROPTAR Binocular with case on 5-DAY TRIAL—money back guarantee.

Enclosed \$3—send tax and postpaid.

Send COD plus all postal fees.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Check here if you want DELUXE MODEL instead, with built-in compass. Only \$1 more—total \$4.

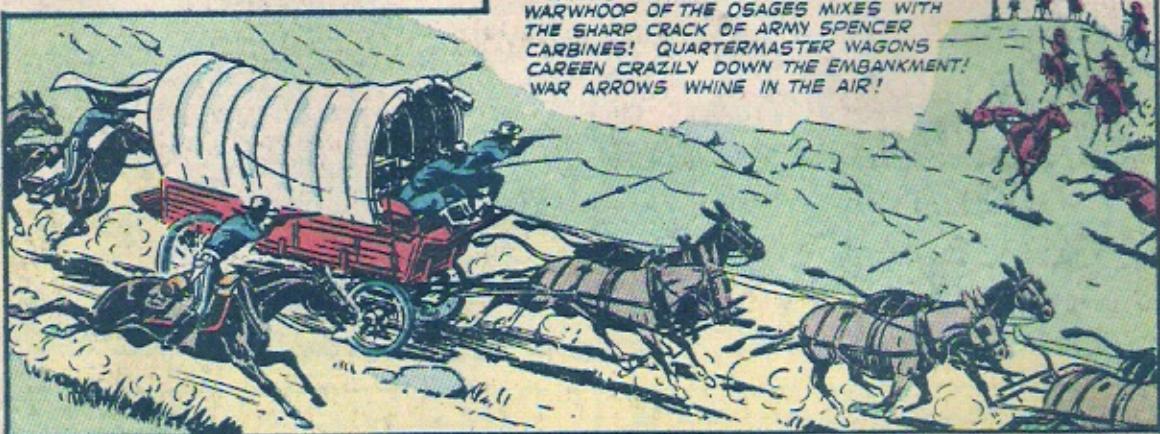
NOTE: Only ONE model sent to a family address. No combinations sold at present.

GREAT WESTERN

# STRAIGHT ARROW



TO FRIEND AND FOE ALIKE, STEVE ADAMS IS THE OWNER OF THE BROKEN BOW CATTLE SPREAD. BUT WHEN DANGER THREATENS INNOCENT PEOPLE, STEVE ADAMS DISAPPEARS, AND IN HIS PLACE GALLOPS A MYSTERIOUS, STALWART INDIAN — WEARING THE GARB AND WARPANT OF A COMANCHE AND RIDING THE GREAT PALOMINO, FURY! TO TAKE UP THE CAUSE OF LAW AND ORDER IN THE WEST, COMES THE LEGENDARY FIGURE OF — STRAIGHT ARROW!



ON A CHOLLA-DOTTED SLOPE SOME MILES FROM FORT DESPAIR, THE WARWHOOP OF THE OSAGES MIXES WITH THE SHARP CRACK OF ARMY SPENCER CARBINES! QUARTERMASTER WAGONS CAREEN CRAZILY DOWN THE EMBANKMENT! WAR ARROWS WHINE IN THE AIR!



12/04

**A**S THE FLEEING TROOPERS TURN, THEY SEE THE HOWLING OSAGES LOOTING THE SUPPLY WAGONS WITH YELPS OF DELIGHT.



**D**ISHEVELLED, GRIMY AND BLOODY, THE DETAIL GALLOPS INTO FORT DESPAIR SOME HOURS LATER, JUST AS STEVE ADAMS AND PACKY EMERGE FROM THE COMMISSARY STORE HOUSE...

WE'LL HAVE THE BEEF FOR THE ARMY INSIDE TWO WEEKS, PACKY. I - HEY, LOOK THERE! THE SUPPLY TROOPS - WITHOUT THE WAGONS!

BY CACTUS, STEVE! YUH RECKON...?



I DON'T RECKON ANYTHING, PACKY - YET! BUT EXPERIENCED FRONTIER SOLDIERS LIKE LIEUTENANT HENDERSON DON'T ABANDON WAGONS UNLESS THERE'S A MIGHTY GOOD REASON FOR IT.

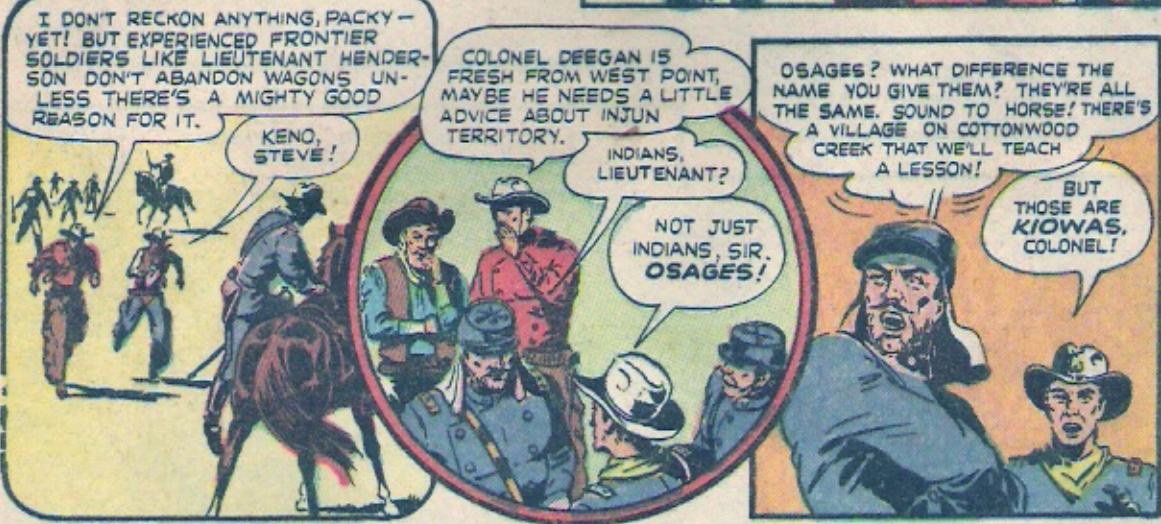
KENO, STEVE!

COLONEL DEEGAN IS FRESH FROM WEST POINT, MAYBE HE NEEDS A LITTLE ADVICE ABOUT INJUN TERRITORY.

INDIANS, LIEUTENANT?

OSAGES? WHAT DIFFERENCE THE NAME YOU GIVE THEM? THEY'RE ALL THE SAME. SOUND TO HORSE! THERE'S A VILLAGE ON COTTONWOOD CREEK THAT WE'LL TEACH A LESSON!

BUT THOSE ARE KIOWAS, COLONEL!



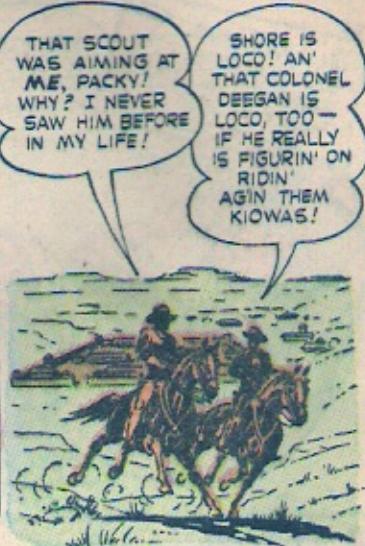
SEE FOR YOURSELF, SIR! THIS IS AN OSAGE ARROW, NOT A KIOWA! THE KIOWAS ARE OBSERVING THE PEACE TREATY OF MEDICINE GAP. THEY — .

ENOUGH, ENOUGH! INDIANS ARE INDIANS! I'LL TEACH 'EM A LESSON, BY THUNDER!



YOU'LL SET THE FRONTIER ON FIRE IF YOU PERSIST, SIR! IF YOU ATTACK THE KIOWAS WITHOUT REASON, THEIR GOOD FRIENDS, THE COMANCHES WILL RISE UP!

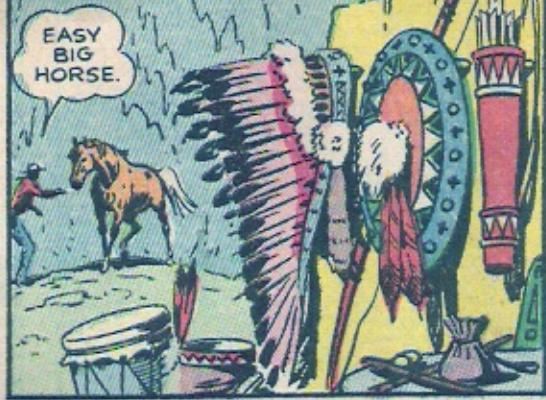




A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE BROKEN BOW RANCH HOUSE LIES SUNDOWN VALLEY. AND IN IT—THROUGH A SECRET ENTRANCE KNOWN ONLY TO STEVE ADAMS AND PACKY—A VAST, SUBTERRANEAN CAVE! THE WALLS OF THE CAVE GLITTER WITH CRYSTALS OF GOLD! FROM AN UNKNOWN SOURCE COMES LIGHT THAT SPREADS A SHIMMERING GLEAM EVERYWHERE. AND STANDING IN THE GLOWING LIGHT IS A GREAT, GOLDEN PALOMINO!



A COMANCHE BOW AND COMANCHE ARROWS HANG ON THE WALL! THERE IS COMANCHE WAR PAINT—COMANCHE GARB!



IN A MOMENT STEVE ADAMS, RANCHER, IS GONE — AND IN HIS PLACE —

YES, FURY,  
IT IS I —  
STRAIGHT ARROW.

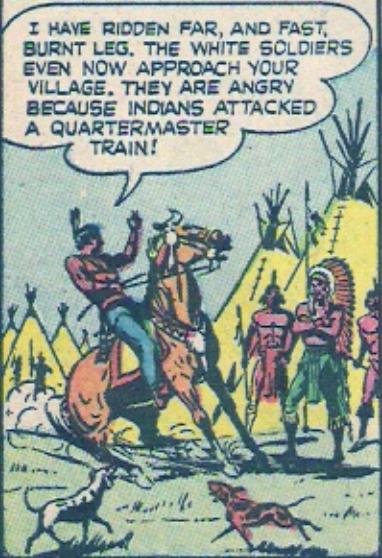


A CLATTER OF HOVES IN THE VAST, VAULTED CAVE! AN INDIAN WAR WHOOP THAT RINGS FROM THE GLITTERING ROCKS! OUT INTO THE OPEN GALLOPS THE GREAT GOLDEN PALOMINO, FURY! AND RIDING BAREBACK —CLAD IN INDIAN GARS FROM HEAD TO TOE— STRAIGHT ARROW!



INTO THE CAMP OF THE KIOWAS RIDES STRAIGHT ARROW. BEFORE A TEPEE FRONTE BY SCALP POLE AND COUP STICK, HE DRAWS REIN.

I HAVE RIDDEN FAR, AND FAST, BURN LEG. THE WHITE SOLDIERS EVEN NOW APPROACH YOUR VILLAGE. THEY ARE ANGRY BECAUSE INDIANS ATTACKED A QUARTERMASTER TRAIN!



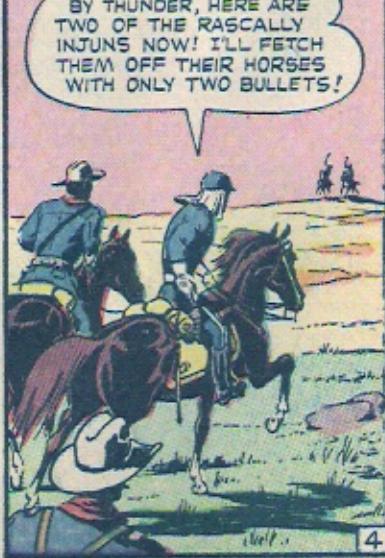
NO KIOWA WARRIOR HAS LEFT THE SHADOW OF OUR TEPEES WITHIN THE PAST MOON, COMANCHE FRIEND!

THEN YOU MUST RIDE WITH ME TO FIND THE SOLDIERS. PERHAPS YOU CAN CONVINC COLONEL DEEGAN! THEN AGAIN—PERHAPS YOU CANNOT! BUT WE MUST TRY!



SOMEWHAT MORE THAN AN HOUR LATER, ON A FLAT STRETCH OF MESQUITE-DOTTED GROUND...

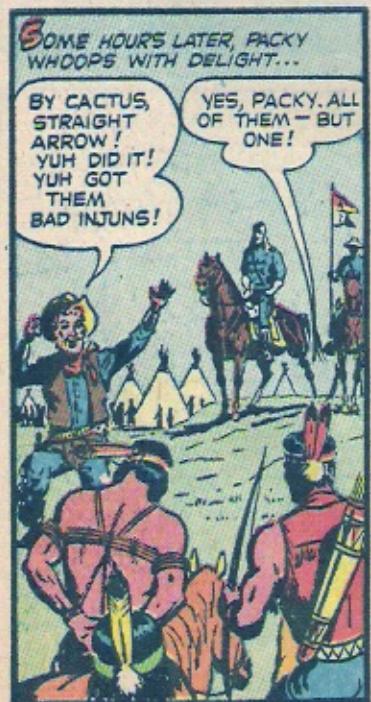
BY THUNDER, HERE ARE TWO OF THE RASCALLY INJUNS NOW! I'LL FETCH THEM OFF THEIR HORSES WITH ONLY TWO BULLETS!











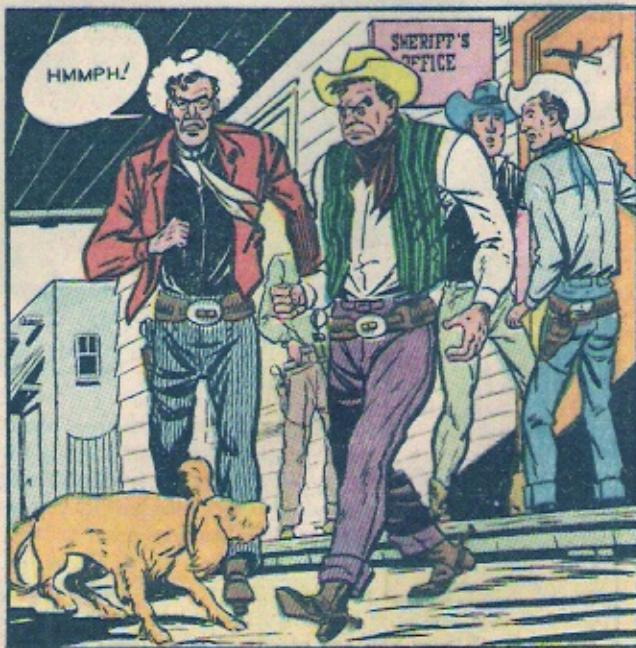
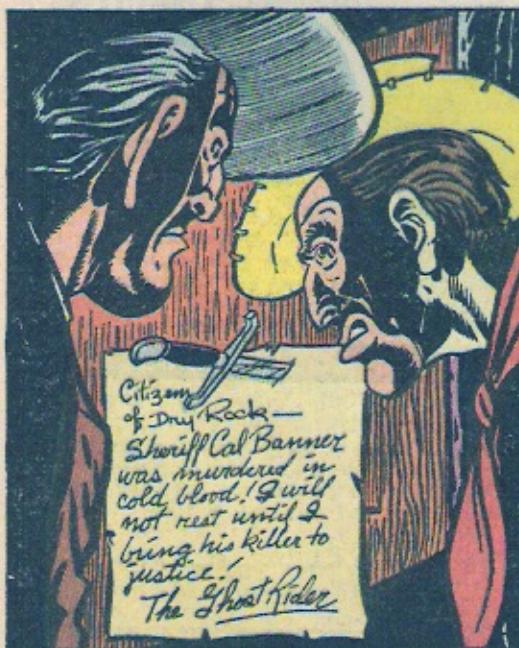
# the GHOST RIDER

DICK  
AYERS

THE  
DEAD ONES  
RISE TO  
CONDONE  
YOUR CRIME,  
MURDERER!

THE GHOST RIDER, SPECTRAL NEMESIS OF JUSTICE, BRINGS ANOTHER CRIMINAL TO THE END OF A KILLER'S CAREER. STRIKING NERVE-CURDLING TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF HIS ENEMIES, THE GHOST RIDER TAKES HIS SKILLFUL KNOWLEDGE OF THE MINDS OF MEN—AND ADDS IT TO THE WHIP OF GUILTY CONSCIENCE IN "SCOURGE OF GUILT!"

GO�TS!  
GO�TS!  
GO�TS!

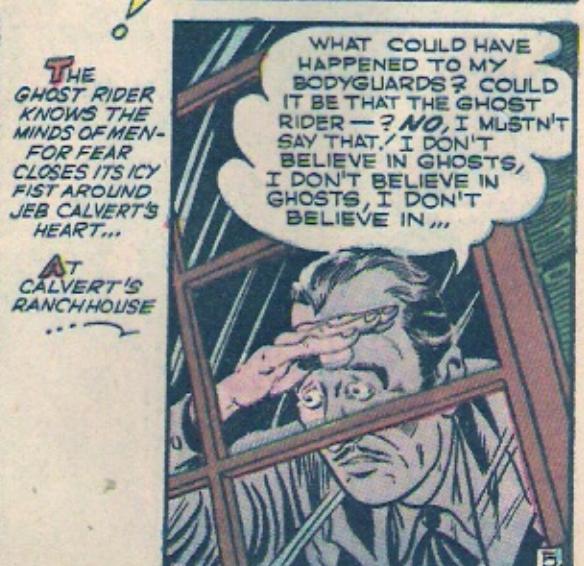




HEH-HEH! NATURALLY, I'M NOT AFRAID OF THE GHOST RIDER. I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, PERSONALLY — NOT AT ALL! BUT, WELL — YOU KNOW HOW IT IS — JUST IN CASE — NOT THAT I'M THE SLIGHTEST BIT AFRAID, YOU KNOW, BUT...









GRAZED WITH  
FEAR AND GUILT,  
CALVERT TWISTS  
AND TURNS IN HIS  
MAD FLIGHT—  
BUT IT SEEMS  
THE GHOST  
RIDER IS EVERYWHERE.

NO LONGER  
ABLE TO REASON  
SANELY, HE  
CLIMBS A  
SILO.

I'LL BE SAFE UP  
HERE! ONLY WAY  
UP IS THIS  
LADDER AND  
I CAN DEFEND  
THAT!

NOW, THAT'S A  
CRAZY THING FOR  
HIM TO DO—  
THERE'S MORE  
THAN ONE WAY TO  
BEAT HIM TO THE  
TOP OF THAT  
SILO.

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS  
LOOP MY LARIAT OVER  
THAT WINCH ARM UP THERE—  
AND LET MY HORSE, SPECTRE,  
PULL ONE END ...

... AND I GET LIFTED UP LIKE  
A BALE OF HAY. MY LARIAT,  
BEING SPECIALLY DYED BLACK,  
IS INVISIBLE— CALVERT WILL  
THINK I'M FLYING!

HIGH OR LOW,  
STILL I COME,  
JEB CALVERT!  
CONFESS!  
GIVE UP!

THIS  
FIEND FLIES!  
HE IS A  
GHOST!  
THERE'S NO  
USE GOING ON—  
NO USE LIVING!  
I'LL JUMP!

NO, JEB CALVERT!  
WE WILL GO DOWN  
TOGETHER!

AND WE'LL GO BACK  
TO TOWN AND TO JUSTICE  
TOGETHER!

HERE HE IS, CITIZENS—  
THE MURDERER OF  
SHERIFF BANNER!  
THE GHOST RIDER  
NEVER FAILS!

YES, I DID IT!  
I DID IT!  
JAIL ME, KILL ME.  
—ANYTHING!  
JUST GET ME AWAY  
FROM THIS FIEND!

COURTESY OF  
A. ST. LEE & CO.  
PRINTED IN U.S.A.  
BY THE WEAVER  
PRINTING CO.  
**IT IS DONE!**  
The Ghost of Texas  
**THE END**

# the DURANGO KID

I WON'T WAIT FOR WARING TO PLAY HIS NEXT HAND — I'LL JUST GO OUT AND GET HIM BEFORE HE'S GOT A CHANCE TO DO HIS DIRTY WORK.

A MAN WITH A HEART AS BLACK AS THE BLACKEST PIT ROAMS THE PRAIRIE AT LARGE TO DO HIS EVIL WORK. BUT — ON HIS TRAIL IS A VENGEANT NEMESIS! HUNTING, STALKING, ALERT TO SOUNDS AND SIGNS THAT ORDINARY MEN WOULD NEVER NOTICE. **THE DURANGO KID** — THE GREATEST HUNTER OF ALL — TRAILS THE SCOUNDREL IN... **MANHUNT!**

DURANGO FELT THAT HE HADN'T HEARD THE LAST OF WARING — AND HE WAS RIGHT. SOMEWHERE ON THE PRAIRIE, HUDDLED OVER A FIRE THAT FAILED TO WARM HIS COLD HEART, WARING NURSED HIS EVIL BITTERNESS...

THE DURANGO KID... THE DURANGO KID — AH, HOW I HATE THAT NAME! BUT IF HE THINKS HE'S THROUGH WITH ME, HE'S GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING!

I'VE STILL GOT ANOTHER GANG OF GUNRIDERS THAT I'VE BEEN HOLDING IN RESERVE. I'LL GO TO THE HIDEOUT AND PICK 'EM UP — AND THEN WE'LL SEE WHO'S THE SMARTER — DURANGO OR ME! HA-HA-HA-HA!



BUT THE SAME LIGHT OF DAWN FINDS  
ANOTHER FIGURE MOVING STEALTHILY  
ACROSS THE SHIFTING PRAIRIE SHADOWS  
...THE DURANGO KID!

THESE HOOFPRINTS SURE ARE  
JUMBLED UP! BUT I'VE GOT  
TO FIND THE SPOT WHERE  
WARING DESERTED HIS MEN  
YESTERDAY! HMMMM — I THINK  
WE'VE GOT SOMETHING HERE!

RIGHT! HERE'S WHERE  
HE PEELLED OFF!  
UP, RAIDER!

THE NIGHT MISTS AND WIND HAVE  
ALMOST ERASED THESE TRACKS —  
BUT WE'RE OLD HANDS AT THIS  
KIND OF THING, AREN'T WE,  
RAIDER?

... AND THE  
MANHUNT IS **ON**!  
THIS IS THE STORY OF  
THE SPOOR, THE  
HUNT — WITH ITS  
OWN PRIMITIVE LAWS,  
AS OLD AS TIME  
ITSELF / SMELL,  
SIGHT, HEARING,  
INSTINCT — AND  
ROUGH JUSTICE  
QUICK AS A PANTHER'S  
POUNCE — THESE  
ARE THE THINGS  
THAT MATTER IN  
THAT MOST  
THRILLING OF ALL  
DRAMAS, THE  
**MANHUNT!**

WARING ARRIVES AT THE HIDEOUT.

COME ON, YOU LAZY  
JUG-HEADS — GET  
UP! THERE'S WORK  
TO BE DONE!

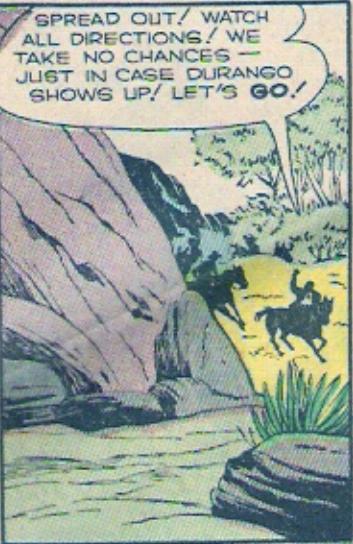
WHAT'S  
UP, BOSS?

WE'RE GOING TO MAKE THAT  
RAILROAD SO RISKY THAT  
THE GOVERNMENT WILL  
REVOKE UNION PACIFIC'S  
LICENSE — AND THEN THE  
WARING RAILROAD COMPANY  
CAN STEP IN!

WE RIDE OUT TO BIG  
DITCH CHASM AND THERE  
WE WEAKEN THE SUPPORTS  
OF THE BRIDGE SO THAT  
IT'LL COLLAPSE WHEN  
THE FIRST TRAIN  
PASSES OVER!

AND THE NEXT TRAIN TO  
PASS OVER WILL BE THAT  
TRAIN WITH ALL THE BIGWIGS  
RETURNING FROM YESTERDAY'S  
CEREMONY! HA-HA-HA!





AND, AS THE LAST MAN PASSES ...



SURPRISE!



HEADACHE?  
TOO BAD!



TAKE IT EASY, RAIDER —  
JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE  
THIS RANNY DOESN'T  
GET AWAY.



AND NOW  
FOR THE  
NEXT ONE!

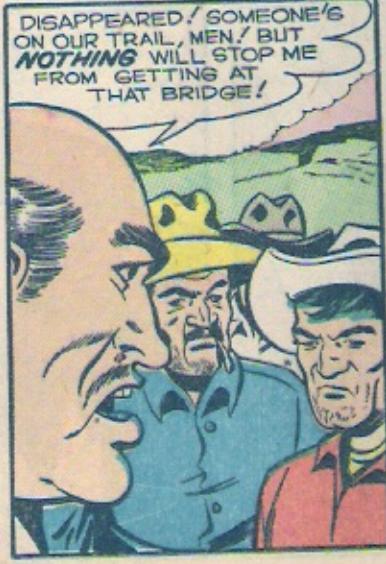


STOP CROWDIN', MURPH! YOU HEARD  
THE BOSS SAY TO SPREAD OUT!  
WE GOTTA KEEP A WIDE  
LOOKOUT FER DURANGO!



DOGGONE IT — I SAID TO  
STOP CROWDIN'! I TOLD YUH—  
UH-OH-OH-OH!





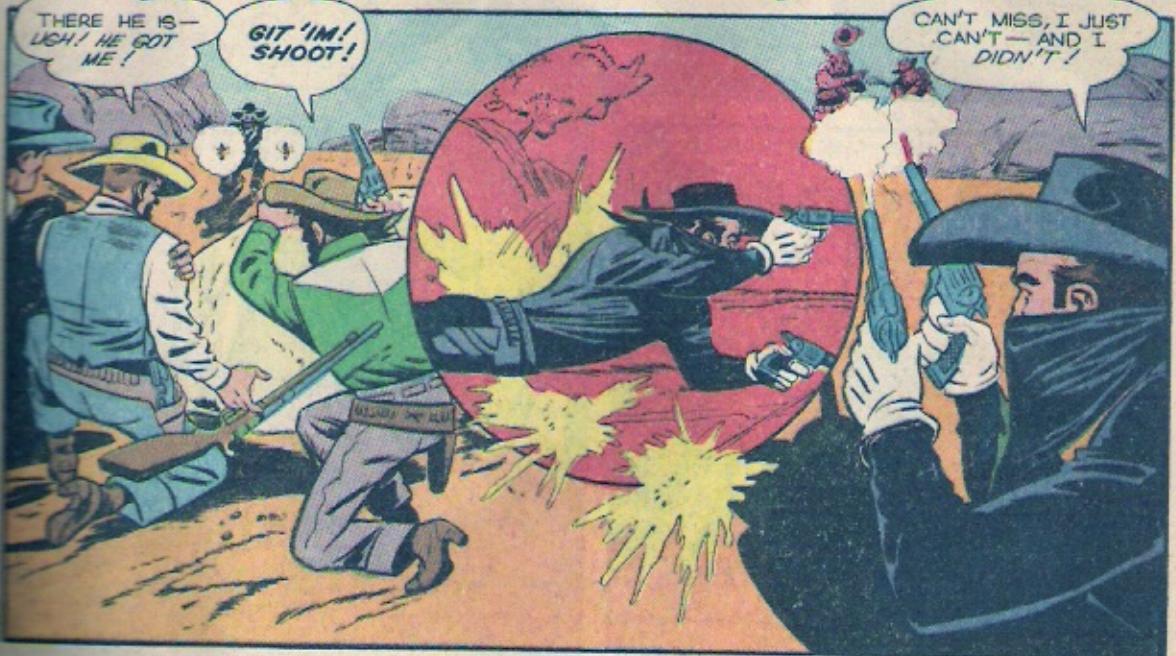


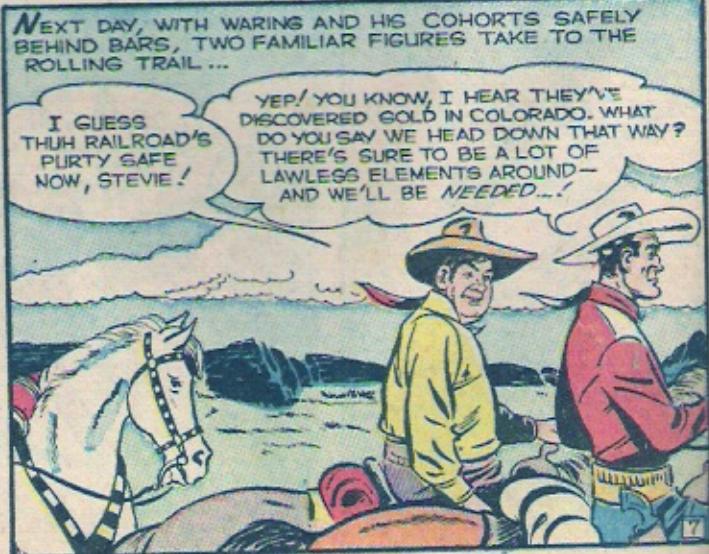
## THREE SECONDS TO CHOOSE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH!

SECOND 1... DURANGO STEPS BOLDLY INTO THE ROAD-SHOOTING!

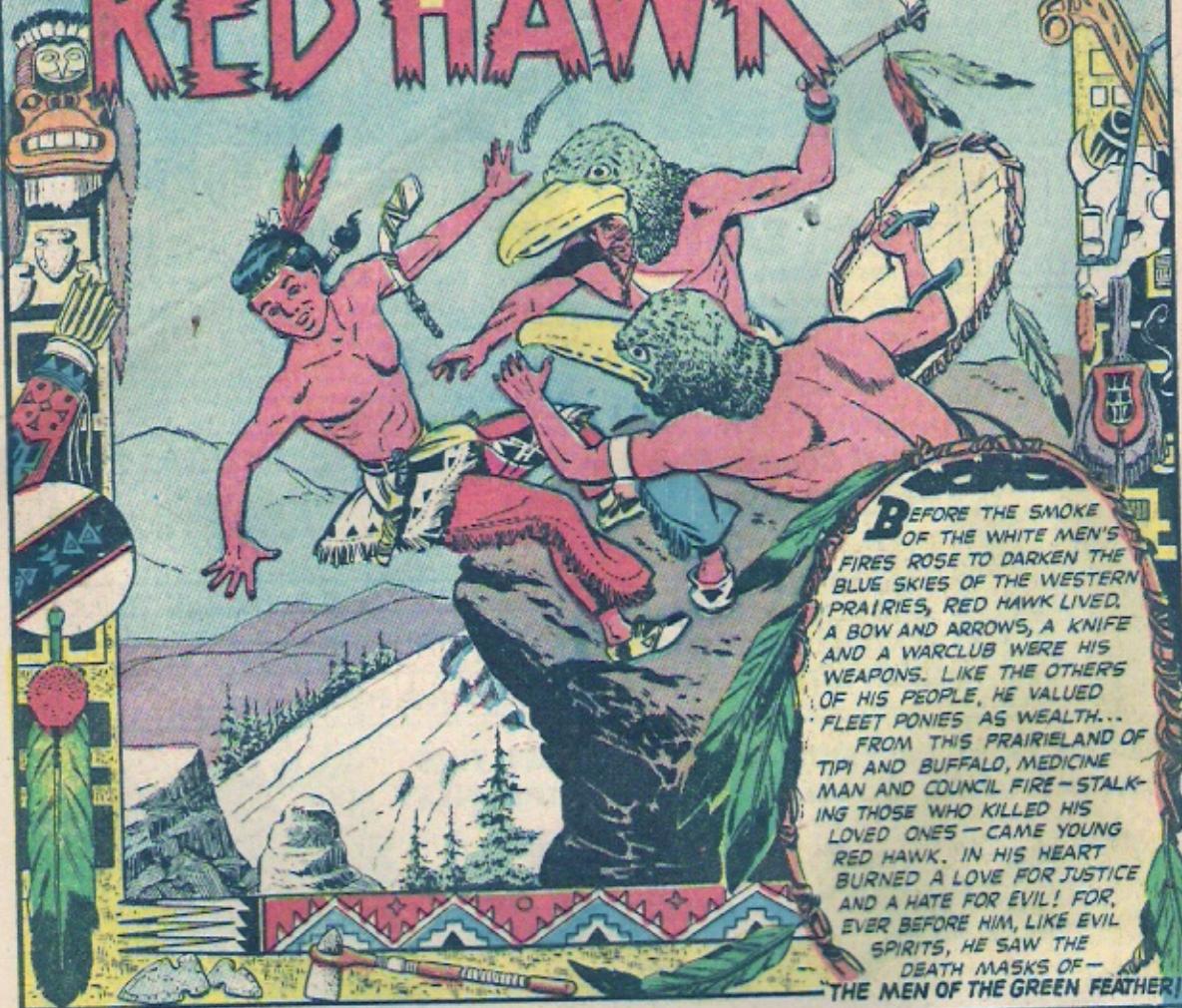
SECOND 2... QUICKLY, DURANGO HITS THE DIRT AND ROLLS...

SECOND 3... SHOOTING!





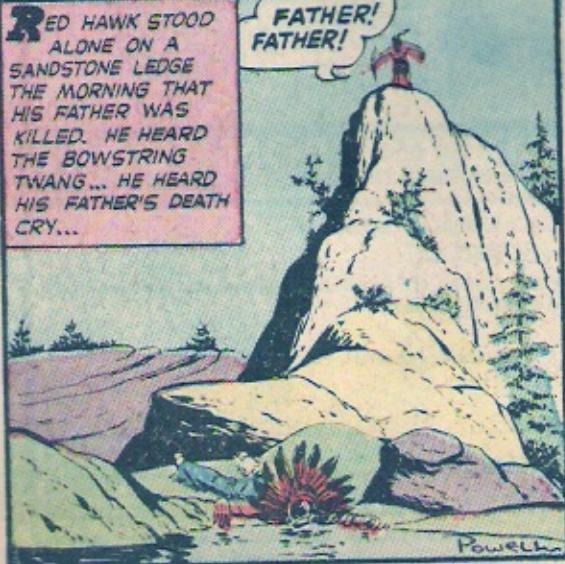
# RED HAWK



BEFORE THE SMOKE OF THE WHITE MEN'S FIRES ROSE TO DARKEN THE BLUE SKIES OF THE WESTERN PRAIRIES, RED HAWK LIVED. A BOW AND ARROWS, A KNIFE AND A WARCLUB WERE HIS WEAPONS. LIKE THE OTHERS OF HIS PEOPLE, HE VALUED FLEET PONIES AS WEALTH... FROM THIS PRAIRIELAND OF TIPI AND BUFFALO, MEDICINE MAN AND COUNCIL FIRE - STALKING THOSE WHO KILLED HIS LOVED ONES - CAME YOUNG RED HAWK. IN HIS HEART BURNED A LOVE FOR JUSTICE AND A HATE FOR EVIL! FOR, EVER BEFORE HIM, LIKE EVIL SPIRITS, HE SAW THE DEATH MASKS OF - THE MEN OF THE GREEN FEATHER!"

RED HAWK STOOD ALONE ON A SANDSTONE LEDGE THE MORNING THAT HIS FATHER WAS KILLED. HE HEARD THE BOWSTRING TWANG... HE HEARD HIS FATHER'S DEATH CRY...

FATHER!  
FATHER!



CRAZILY, HE THREW HIMSELF DOWNWARD! ONLY HIS STRONG HANDS CLINGING TO SHRUB ROOTS AND STUMPS, SAVED HIS LIFE...! AND EVER HE HURTLED DOWNWARD, LIKE A STONE FALLING...

MY FATHER IS A CHIEF. HE IS POWERFUL! MANY

HATE HIM, FOR HE HATES THOSE WHO MAKE THE CHEYENNE WEAK! I ONLY HOPE HE STILL LIVES!



DEAD! AND NOTHING TO TELL WHO  
KILLED HIM — BUT — THE FEATHER OF AN  
EAGLE — STAINED A BRILLIANT GREEN!



HIS FACE A  
STOIC MASK  
AGAINST THE  
GRIEF WITHIN  
HIM, RED  
HAWK BORE  
HIS FATHER  
BACK TOWARD  
THE BUFFALO-  
HIDE TIPIS  
OF THE  
CHEYENNE  
PEOPLE...



AS MORDO, THE SHAMAN, GRINNED WITH FURY,  
RED HAWK KNELT BEFORE THE TIPI OF CHIEF  
WHITE BULL, A GREEN FEATHER IN HIS PALM...

THE MAN WHO KILLED  
RAVEN WING WORE  
THIS FEATHER!

THE YOUTH LIES! I  
HAVE DREAMED  
A DREAM!



IN MY DREAM I SAW A GREEN FEATHER  
SUCH AS THIS! IT CAME AND TOOK  
YOU AWAY, MIGHTY WHITE BULL!  
SEND AWAY THIS YOUTH! LET HIM  
AND HIS FAMILY BE PUT AWAY  
BEFORE HE CAUSES YOUR  
DEATH!



WHITE BULL WAS A BRAVE MAN IN  
BATTLE. BUT SUPERSTITION RODE HIS  
BROAD SHOULDERS, AND WHAT HIS MEDICINE  
MAN SAID — HE DID!



TO BE "PUT AWAY"  
MEANT THAT THE  
LODGE OF RAVEN  
WING WOULD BE  
PLACED AT THE OUT-  
SKIRTS OF THE VILL-  
AGE — WHERE AN  
ENEMY ATTACK WOULD  
STRIKE FIRST. RED  
HAWK, HIS MOTHER  
AND SISTER WOULD  
BECOME OUTCASTS. NO  
MAN COULD FEED  
THEM, NO HAND BE  
LIFTED TO AID THEM  
IF THEY WERE SICK.  
THEY LIVED, YET THEY  
WERE TO BE  
CONSIDERED  
— DEAD!

AS HIS MOTHER, RED DOE, COVERED HER  
HEAD WITH ASHES, RED HAWK SWEARED  
A MIGHTY OATH!

I SWEAR BY THE LODGEPOLE  
OF MY FATHERS! — I WILL NOT REST UNTIL I  
HAVE SOLVED THE EVIL  
MYSTERY OF THE GREEN  
FEATHER!



**A**LWAYS AT HIS BACK WERE THE WHISPERED WORDS OF MORDO. EVEN AS HE TROD THE TIMBER BELT FOR ANTELOPE, THE WORDS FOLLOWED...

FOLLOW HIM! IF HE KILLS FOR FOOD  
TAKE HIS KILL FROM HIM! LET HIM  
ONLY DRINK WATER AND  
EAT BREAD BAKED IN  
ASHES!



OUR FAMILIES WILL  
EAT WELL ON RED HAWK'S  
KILL!

AI! THE HAWK AND  
HIS FAMILY WILL SOON  
STARVE AND DIE!



**H**IS BOWS WERE BROKEN AND  
HIS ARROWS SHATTERED...

NOW, THIS IS A STRANGE THING.  
MEN DO NOT ACT THIS WAY TO-  
WARD ONE ANOTHER EXCEPT FOR  
FEAR!



WHY SHOULD MORDO FEAR ME?  
IS IT BECAUSE OF THE GREEN  
FEATHER? MAYBE I WOULD DO  
WELL TO FOLLOW MORDO ON  
THOSE JOURNEYS HE MAKES  
AWAY FROM THE TIPS OF  
OUR PEOPLE!



AND SO, ONE DAY...

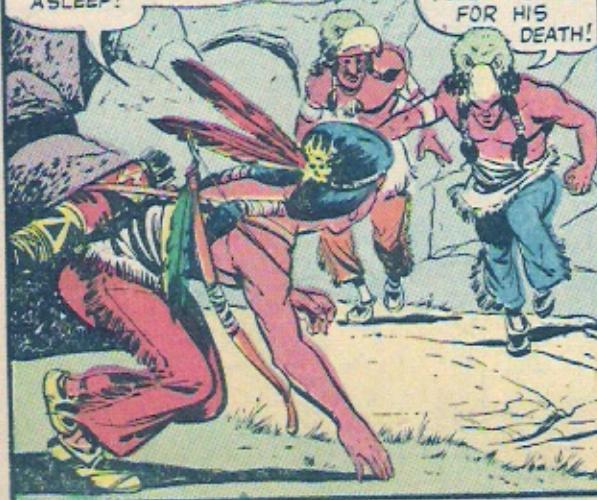
MORDO MEETS WITH MEN WHO  
LOOK LIKE BIRDS! I CAN JUST  
MAKE OUT THEIR WORDS... AND  
THEY TALK OF THE DEATH  
OF WHITE BULL!



I WAS SO INTERESTED  
I LET MY EARS FALL  
ASLEEP!

IT IS YOUNG  
RED HAWK!

MORDO HAS  
PROMISED TWO  
FLEET PONIES  
FOR HIS  
DEATH!



**P**OWERFUL HANDS CAUGHT RED HAWK! LIFTED  
HIM AND THREW HIM BACKWARDS!

CAN'T STOP MYSELF! GOING TO GO  
OVER THE EDGE—FALL A THOUSAND  
FEET — TO  
ROCKS!

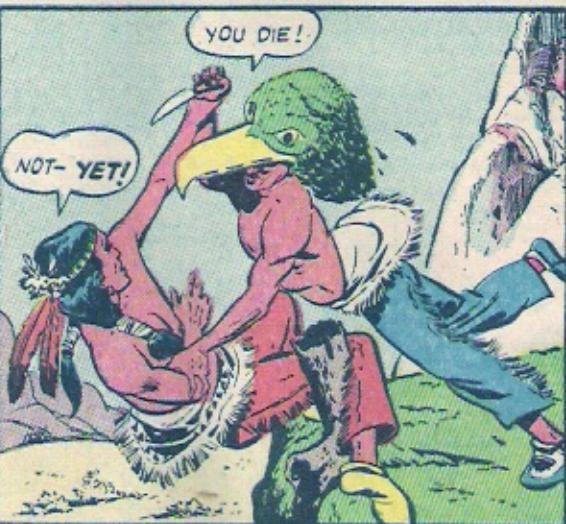


**B**ACK FELL RED HAWK UNTIL HIS BODY WAS ABOVE THE EMPTINESS OF THE CANYON! BE-NEATH HIM THERE WAS ONLY DEATH!

GOT TO... STOP HIM!



**A**ND THEN HIS KNEES HOOKED ON TWO STUMPS—CLUNG WITH STEEL-THEWED MUSCLES! OVER HIS HEAD ONE WARRIOR PLUNGED—



**T**HAT NIGHT, NEAR THE HORSE HERD OF CHIEF WHITE BULL...

Hii-AAAA! RUN, BROTHERS OF THE WIND! RUN!



WHEN WHITE BULL LEARNS HIS PONIES HAVE BEEN STOLEN...AND SEES THE GREEN EAGLE FEATHER — HE WILL GUESS THAT THE FEATHER IS A SIGN OF THE GREEN EAGLE SOCIETY!



**I**N THE COLD GREY LIGHT OF DAWN, A FURIOUS WHITE BULL RAGES AT MORDO, THE MEDICINE MAN...

DID YOU DREAM OF THIS GREEN FEATHER, TOO, MORDO? MY PONIES WERE STOLEN! THE FEATHER WAS LEFT BEHIND! IT IS A RASH MAN WHO THUS AROUSES MY ANGER!



**T**WO NIGHTS LATER, AS WHITE BULL RIDES ALONE THROUGH THE FILES OF ANTELOPE PASS...

**AH!** THERE IS A GREEN EAGLE SOCIETY! AND THEY SEEK — MY DEATH!



WHITE BULL SAW ME! BUT HE KNEW ME ONLY AS A MAN WITH AN EAGLE MASK! NOW HE WILL WORRY—AND HE WILL LISTEN TO RED HAWK!



**N**EXT DAY, ON THE TRAIL...

WHAT DOES RED HAWK WANT OF HIS CHIEF? YOU HAVE BEEN PUT AWAY?

YET I STILL LIVE, WHITE BULL! BUT YOU WILL NOT BE ALIVE, MANY MOONS FROM NOW!



YOU DARE!  
I...

THE GREEN EAGLE SOCIETY  
KILLED MY FATHER, WHITE  
BULL. THEY FEARED HIM,  
FOR HE WAS A GREAT WAR  
CHIEF. NOW THEY SEEK  
TO KILL YOU TOO. THEN  
MORDO WILL BECOME  
CHIEF!



**T**HAT NIGHT, AS A CHILL WIND MOVED DOWN THROUGH THE PINONS OF THE TETONS...

IF YOU LIE,  
RED HAWK—!

I DO NOT LIE!  
LOOK BELOW—AT  
THAT FIRE — AT  
THE MEN AROUND  
IT...!



THE CHIEF, WHITE BULL, SUSPECTS! SOMEONE RAN OFF HIS PONIES, AND LEFT A GREEN FEATHER, — THE EMBLEM OF OUR SOCIETY! ONE OF US IN AN EAGLE MASK SHOT AT HIM. WHO DID IT?

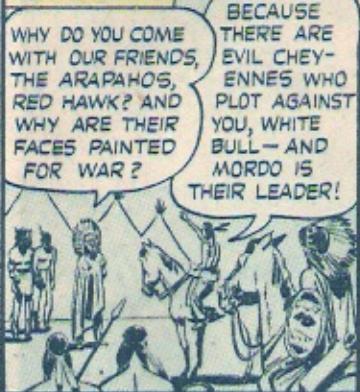
NOT I! NOR I!



WHITE BULL MUST DIE! BEFORE TOMORROW'S SUN LOWERS OVER THE HORIZON... OUR CLUBS SHALL BATTER HIM TO DEATH! AND THEN — MORDO SHALL BE CHIEF OF THE CHEYENNE PEOPLE!



**A**LL NIGHT LONG, RED HAWK RODE WITH THE SPEED OF THE WIND. AN HOUR AFTER DAWN, HE ENTERED THE VILLAGE OF THE CHEYENNES, WITH A FILE OF WAR-PAINTED ARAPAHOS BEHIND HIM...



**W**ITH A HOARSE CRY OF ANGRY RAGE, MORDO RAISED HIS SCALPING KNIFE—

ATTACK, BROTHER ARAPAHOS! SEIZE THE MEN OF THE VILLAGE!



YOUR EVIL IS ENDED, MORDO! WHITE BULL KNOWS THE TRUTH!

I SHOULD HAVE GONE MYSELF... TO KILL YOU, HAWK!



**R**ED HAWK RISES FROM THE LIFELESS BODY OF MORDO, THE MEDICINE MAN, AS ARAPAHOS WARCLUBS AND LANCES HERD THE MEN OF THE VILLAGE BEFORE THEIR CHIEF...



RED HAWK OPENED MY EYES. HE LED ME TO THE COUNCIL FIRE OF THOSE WHO PLOTTED AGAINST ME! EVEN NOW OUR FRIENDS, THE ARAPAHOS, GO AMONG THE TIPIS—HUNTING FOR THE GREEN FEATHER AND THE EAGLE MASKS! ALL WHO HAVE THEM HIDDEN IN THEIR LODGES—QIE!



**F**IFTeen MEN WERE TAKEN BY THE ARAPAHOS TO MEET THEIR FATE THAT AFTERNOON. AND WHEN THEY RODE OUT, ANOTHER RODE IN...

COME, MOTHER. NO LONGER ARE WE TO BE PUT AWAY. INSTEAD...



INSTEAD, LET RED HAWK SHARE THE PLACE OF HONOR, WITH HIS TIPIS BESIDE THAT OF WHITE BULL! NO LONGER SHALL RED HAWK BE OUTCAST—INSTEAD I NAME HIM—WAR CHIEF OF THE TRIBE!



**F**OLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF YOUNG RED HAWK AS HE RIDES THE TRAILS OF THE EARLY WEST IN...

**STRAIGHT ARROW**